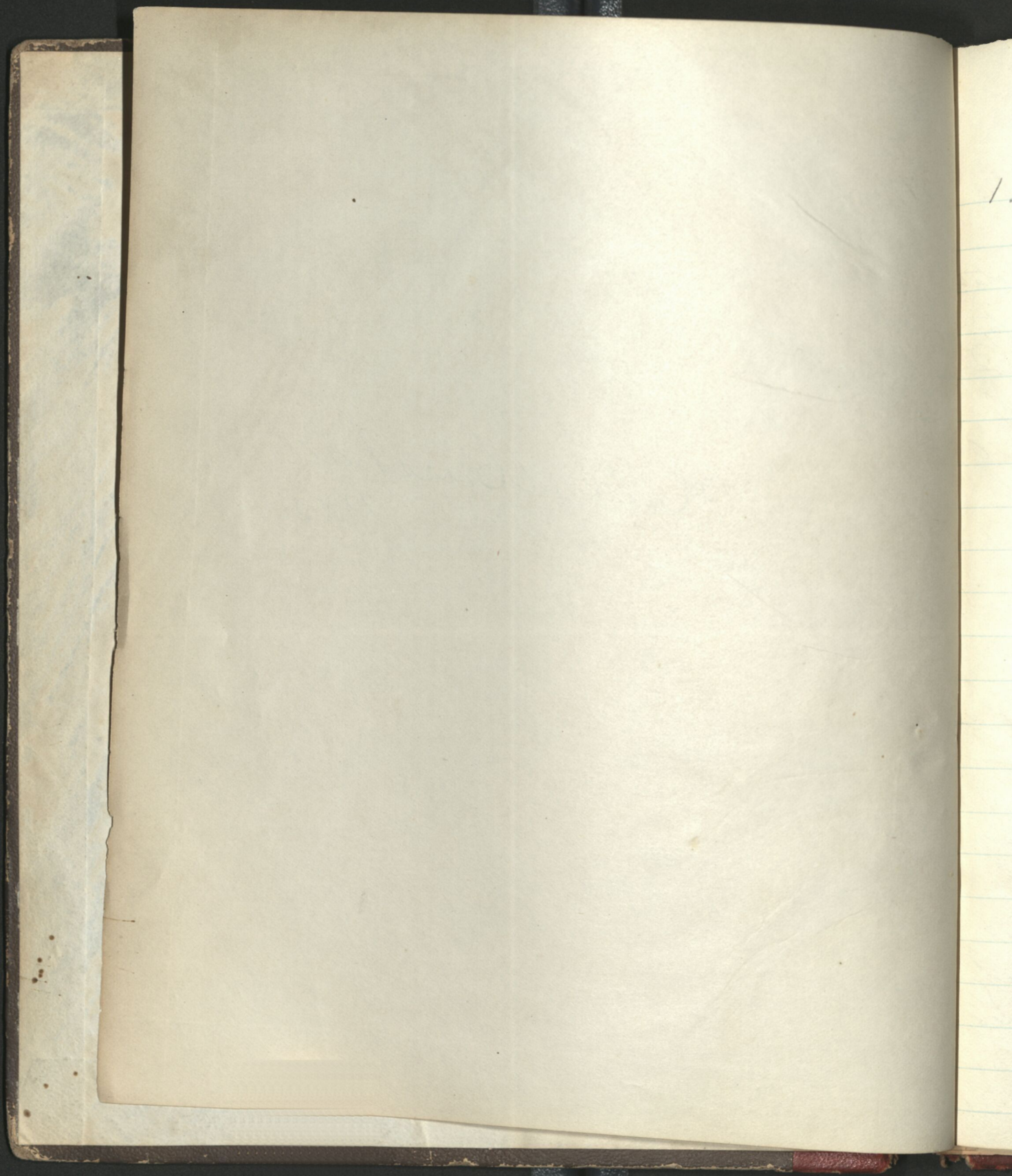


Helen Marshall.
1883.



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Nantucket, Aug. 22-1883.

One of the warmest days of the summer,
yet since tea a woollen dress is comfortable.

Heard from Mrs. Hill of more applicants,
but I look forward to another year in P
as to going into a dungeon. The care of
school, now that I am entirely responsible
for it, the difficulty of getting a pleasant
boarding place, packing to go and unpack-
ing and settling after we arrive all looks
like a staggering weight under which I
shall sink. I am in constant fear of
a return of mother's ill turns, and every
sound I though the day makes me
start; when I wake in the night, as I
never used to do, I listen to see if her
breathing is natural. If I go visit
her to any place, I am in terror lest
she grow unconscious, and breathe freely
only when our own front door closes
on us and I feel we are safe again.

to have the infant class in French - it is a mistake. Mrs. Sheaffer & the others of the former Fr. class wish to begin at once and say they wish this year "to work." We meet next Tues. at Mrs. S's. I think we may have to divide into two sections, and should not be surprised if there were a little dust in the air before it is accomplished. My books have come after over a week's delay on the road; another waiting for the book-case I ordered some days ago and then I can unpack them.

Our room and board are everything desirable.
Oct. 29 - 1883.

It was my intention to write oftener, but I have so little time outside of school work I find it impossible. Mother has been so much better the last four weeks, I have been correspondingly in better spirits. After returning from church to day, when she went alone, she had a slight unconscious spell, but when they come now they last less than a minute sometimes. Yesterday morning a

note came from Mrs. Bright inviting me to dinner at 6. Her sister, Mrs. Blanchard is visiting her with two little girls. Miss Smiley and I were the only guests. It was a charming dinner party with the eight children at the table beside the four ladies; Mr. B. was in the city & did not return till 8. The dinner was served in style, from choice china, but little silver except the knives & forks. A large collection of hand painted china was on one end of the dining room arranged on shelves incased in glass sliding doors. The library has two sides filled with books in heavy walnut cases that reach to the ceiling, & in the parlor is another large case. The conversation of these ladies was delightful, even Boston could not produce more refinement, wit, and good sense. I came home feeling as if I had had a vacation, & days of school teaching lay far, far back. It was a glimpse of an ideal home such as I have often dreamed of, but well, I fear always be in *ride*.

Pottsville, Nov. 12. 1883.

This morning on coming up from breakfast I saw a few flakes of snow, the first this season, and as I stood watching them, I wished for the impossible —. I am lonesome and my thoughts are constantly wandering back to Ashua days, the bright ones only, of course, for the longer the time of separation the fewer seem the trials and disagreements. I am working too closely I know, or I should ^{not} be "down in the depths" quite so often. My wish this morning was utterly foolish, and whenever I think of it I try to bring myself back to common sense; but it is a sort of comfort to hug a hope you know is baseless as "the insubstantial fabric of a dream", somewhat of a relief to let the thoughts wander in air-castles. Day-dreams are sweet after all.

On Sunday afternoon I went over the bridge in the 16th book of Caesar and wished he and the "tignae binae aequipedatae" had met the fate of that other bridge in London that found the nursery rhyme. "A memories, oh! life that is!"

Pottsville, Nov. 30th, 1883.

This morning I started on my new venture, entered that despised field, a book-agency. For two weeks I have been thinking it over, using all my persuasive powers to quiet the inward warnings of impending failure, smothering pride, and endeavoring to make myself feel the effort was a worthy one.

The first call upon was out. The next was in in body but out in appreciation; however he said he would tell his wife about it and possibly she would like a copy. Leaving his office I thought - "The ladies are the ones to attack, not the men" - and so went to some of our school patrons.

The morning's work resulted in five names, so my hopes are not all dashed. I at first thought it would be easier to work where I am known, but I begin to question whether my feelings would not suffer less among strangers.

Last day of Feb. 1885.

So long a time of a closed harbor is worthy of record, for it is now a month since the ice encircled the island and during that time we had but three mails. Each day we supposed that on the next the boat could go but the wind has veered from N.W. only for a few hours just long enough to raise our hopes, then persistently swung back to the N.W. again, bringing the ice in from the Sound and packing the harbor full.

At two different times the Monohansett has come to the back of the bar & we had to see her slowly turn back without being able to land the passengers and mails she had come expressly to bring. Yesterday

on going to market I was told there was no steak to be had and later that Flour and Feed dealers would sell only a bushel of corn at a time. This has a serious aspect, but there is every reason to hope the boat may go on Monday.

Yesterday I met Capt. Bailey who said:
 "Well, how are you? How do you carry sail up
 home? - All right eh? Well, keep up your
 courage, you're a good girl." "Not every
 agrees with you" I said. "Oh, I know you
 root and branch, known you ever since
 you were no longer than a marlin spike ha
 La! Well, there's lots o' hard things in this world
 but you must make the best of it as it comes
 along. The only way is to do the best you
 can & you'll come out all right."

Now I was into Mrs. Dollard's tother
 day, didn't know she'd been sick. There she
 was, right under my weather bow & I didn't
 know a word about it. She was telling
 me how good you was to her; how you'd
 carried ~~over~~ ^{over} her and one thing and another.
 "Yes, you're a good girl, you've got a
 warm corner in your heart some where."

We met then Josiah Folger, so
 Capt. Bailey left me with a farewell
 slap on the shoulder, saying: "Here

comes Josiah, I'll give him a lampooning
now."

March 2-1885.

This morning Bridget came for the last
time. It would have made some spirit who
could read our thoughts both laugh & cry to
hear the grim jokes I got off and see the
way we each took to make the best of it.

When she took both my hands & looking
into my face with her hardest blue eyes, said:

"Don't over work - don't go beyond your
strength, for when it's too late & you're laid
up & can't even help yourself you'll be
sorry" — I nearly broke down. The
lump had been in my throat for days
past, ever since I found in order not
to overrun my income this year I must
cut down expenses to the lowest figure.

I have felt so sad the pain I once
thought dyspepsia but which I now know
was caused by worrying, returned.

After another week of ice, the boat

returned yesterday with the mails. It had rained all day & my spirits were at zero, when from the Office I received such a delightful budget of letters the world once more looked bright & I felt happier. One from Josie telling of Mr. Powers being on the Stand with leave against Butler. How I wished I could have heard him!

May 23^d 1885.

Last evening the Phaks. club had the final supper at Mollie's, two absent.

At each plate was a boutonniere of pansies and a menu worthy to be copied.
"The Hour's now come".

Enicassed Chicken

"Lo - and so tender!" Mashed Potato
Sweet Potatoes. Olives. Macaroni. Bread.
Butter. Jelly. Coffee.

"Larry a little there is something else."
Salad - Lettuce - Cabbage - Radishes with
Mayonnaise Sauce. Crackers and Cheese

"Perchance to dream!"

Chocolate Cake. Pound Cake. Princess
Pudding. "Sweets to the sweet."

Bananas. Oranges. Apples.

More Coffee.

"All well that ends well."

On the back of each was a quotation from
Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. - "God's benison be"

11
with you and with those who would make
good of bad and friends of foes."

Lottie's: - "For the poor rude world hath not
her fellow."

Emma's: - "A man's mind, a woman's
might."

Ann's: - "No more but I'm a woman."

M. E. Macy's: - "By her meat cookery, she cut our
roots in characters, and sauced our broth as
Juno had been sick & she her diet."

Lizzie's: - "The isle is full of noises, sounds,
& sweet airs that give delight & hurt not."

Lucie's: - ~~She had ever a~~ "Her voice was
ever soft, gentle & low, an excellent thing
in woman."

Gertrude: - "For she is wise, if I can judge of
And fair she is if that's mine eyes be ^{true}
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and ^{true}
Shall she be placed in my constant soul."

Among the stories was Emma's about the
 simplicity of dress at a Vassar reception — a
 rupee & pair of white kids, and the young
 man who thought of wearing a snail & a
 shoe string. This last prompted me to say
 he was cautious in extremities. Susan Coffin
 was discussed & her remark about the book —
 "In case of accident," also about the Inven-
 tor. Annie told of a Boston tea where they
 had very thin slices of bread & butter & a
 primrose & the boy who recited in history
 "the army marched up the hill pantaloon
 after pantaloon." The farmer who was
 at a hotel for the first time & after in-
 dustriously eating for some time called the
 waiter & said, pointing to the bill of fare —
 "If I skip from here to here can I
 begin here & go on to there?"
 "Lary money - Mary money."
 "Je t'adore - shift it yourself."
 "A window is an orifice in an
 edifice &c."

"Me boy it's the Lord."

"Mademoiselle - My coach has the honor to occupy the same seat as yourself."

"Has your daughter run away? No, has yours?"

Orphan - "I'm an orphan - One who wants to get married & cared."

"Lo Mr. - shot himself? - Yes, right in the rotunda."

"Isaac Scott! No wonder he died instantly dreadful place to get hit."

14
Nantucket, Sept. 6 - 1885

It will be two weeks day after to-morrow since I came here to Aunt E.'s & one week since the house was cleared for the new occupant. The day the slaves girls went I began & in a few days every thing was stored in the attic. It seemed almost more than I could bear when I began, but I went through it & now am relieved that the confusion is over. The first night here was very sad & much of the time I cannot rouse to any effort whatever. At first I was too over tired it did not surprise me to be so listless, but now I am rested I feel no more energy. Not until I am settled in Boston at work shall I feel like myself. The strain of the summer is beginning to tell in constant head ache & back ache; and then, too, the utter loneliness of heart which cannot be thrown aside. One day last

week Emma Nickerson with her father &
 mother took me to ride. We went
 to Maurinet, saw the wreck & Chad-
 rick's house. The views from the latter
 are beautiful. I wanted the house, it
 is so quiet there and secluded and
 the outlook from every room so
 beautiful. The ocean seemed a friend
 yes, something more, a part of my
 life, myself. I always feel when looking
 at it that I could throw my arms
 about it like a dear companion &
 gather strength and protection.

Nantucket, Sept. 13 - 1885.

On Tues. morning last Aunt E. proposed to go to Cottage City to give Lizzie, Henry and Helen Belcher a good "send off." The result was we went to Boston and Prov. not returning till Sat. The jaunt has done wonders for me. I am myself again, have gained flesh, feel well, and can go through anything. Found a letter on my return, from Joe saying he had appointed Wm. Whippley his agent. This makes me mad but on reflection I think I may be glad it is not some one else. While in Prov. we saw "Banker's Daughter". Capt. W. invited Helen E. & me & took us in a carriage there & return. The prospect for my departure to Boston is somewhat cloudy. I hoped to leave by another week but now think I may be delayed by the Probate business.

Boston Oct. 4 - 1885.

My arrival here yesterday afternoon

I was somewhat lugubrious. A heavy rain compelled me to take a carriage, & having sent my trunks by transfer I took a "herdic", thinking thereby to save 25 cents. It rattled & jolted me almost beyond endurance. For a head ache had already begun and when I paid the man he charged 50¢ - I should have done better to take a comfortable carriage; it would have cost no more.

The afternoon seemed interminable. Nothing in the room but the furniture and my trunks not arrived.

I watched from the back windows of the opposite house (my room is at the back of this house) and was amused by a beautiful buff and white cat. The feline curled up on the window ledge, with no back yard

85. to roam round in, no fences to climb
except the short strip that separates
these back stalls, they cannot be called
yards. I thought this city cat had
lost in its life so much that a country
cat could enjoy, it was typical of the
human race.

Today I heard L. R. Washburn at
Paine Memorial Hall. A small audience
His lecture was on "The Mission of Liberal-
ism" delivered with the same deep sonori-
ous voice I listened to years ago at Vaux.
and full of noble thoughts on high and
pure living. "Let men so live", he said,
"that there will be no need of a Christ
to pardon their sin, no Magdalene to
plead for pity and forgiveness. Christ
was not the only man who had given
up his life as a sacrifice. Thousands
had devoted their lives & given their
strength in taking care of others, and
were all to be called to life who

deserve the name Christ by their noble devotion the earth should be covered as with flowers." An orchestra furnished music before and after the lecture.

Oct. 5. 1885-

Called at Prof. Berlitz's School this forenoon and made arrangements to take a daily lesson in both French and German.

Afterwards called on Mr. Powers.

My lessons began this afternoon but I had

I tramped about so much all day, I was too tired.

While riding down Washington St. in the horse car, I saw Dr. Perrie's sister on the side walk. She was alone.

When I came home, I found Etta & Lizzie had put in my room what pictures they could spare.

Oct. 6-1885-

The morning was spent in making one of Bent's "chef d'oeuvres" with the few fancy cards and pictures I brought.

A charming letter from Josie tells me she is now located on Columbus Ave. and under full head way with studies. I shall go and see her to-morrow. The rain has persistently continued all day and I was obliged to sit two hours during the classes with wet ankles and dress. What the consequence will be I dread to learn. Ex. sent a hearty welcome & promises to give me "a shake" soon.

Wed. Oct. 7-

Was much disappointed not to find Josie in when I called. Met quite unexpectedly several bank people - Mrs. Charlotte Ann Lwin, Ellen Parker & mother & Mrs. Ella Crosby -

During the evening read Motley's *Shut-out Republic*.

Sat. Oct. 10-1885

My call on Josie yesterday convinced me that my apprehensions when she began her college life were well founded. She is growing away from me, the hair-breadth separation now will soon be

a gulf which not even loyalty can bridge.

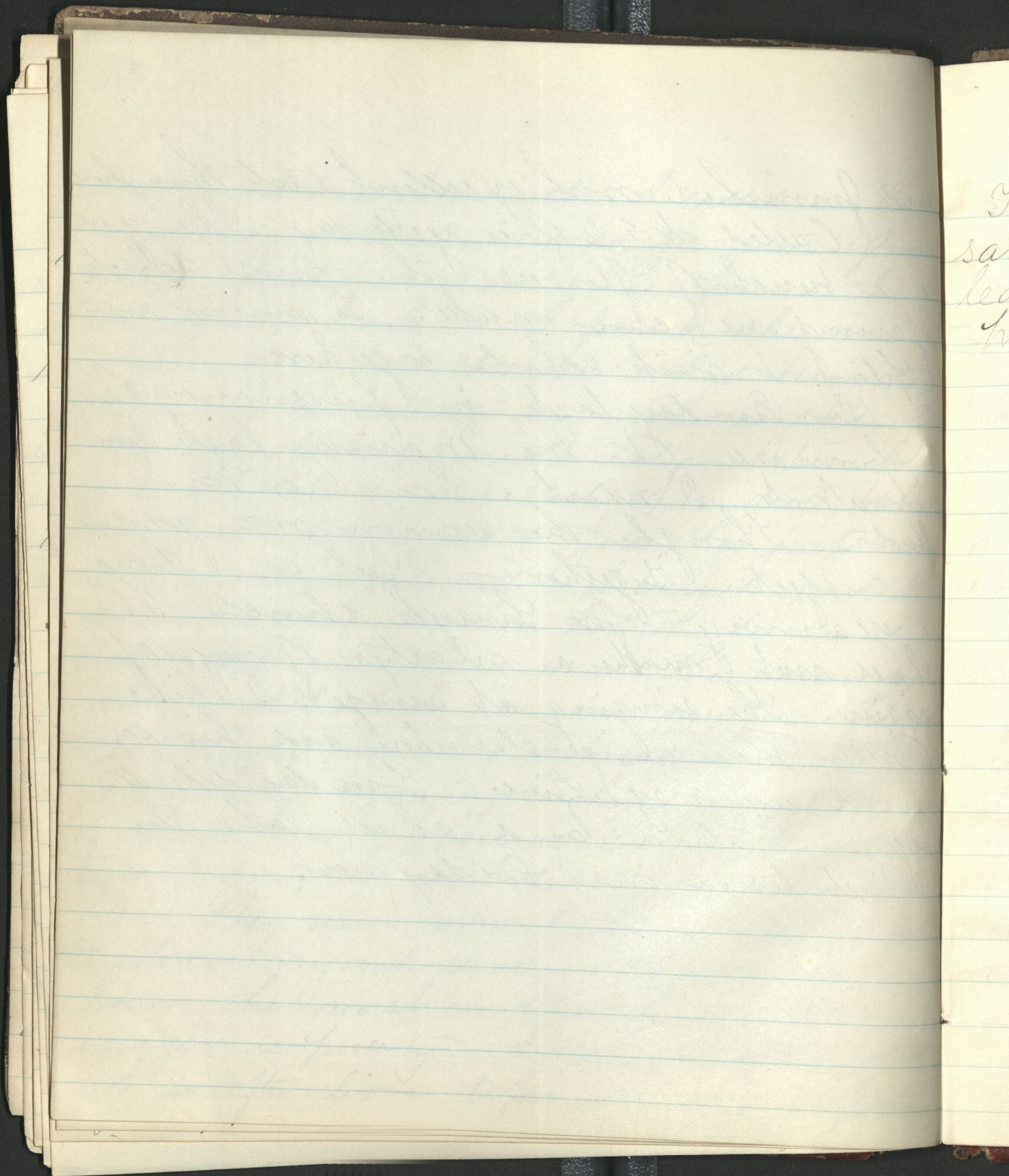
I spent a wretched night and woke feeling so sad - Anything I said, anything but losing the love of these two (God bless) people who are more to me now than all the world - sometime perhaps I shall have courage to bear it, but not now when my heart is still aching. The greatest change I notice as the effect of sorrow is my reluctance to contend even about a trifle. A harsh word between those who are strangers to me makes me shudder.

I do not feel crushed as I have heard others express themselves, but subdued; when I think of beginning teaching again it frightens me. Where is the nerve coming from, the enthusiasm and ambition? They seem now to have taken wings & flown beyond recall. My greatest horror, the worst condition of life I can imagine is poverty. I wish its specter did not so often loom before me as my fate.

Saturday, Oct. 24 - 1885 -

22

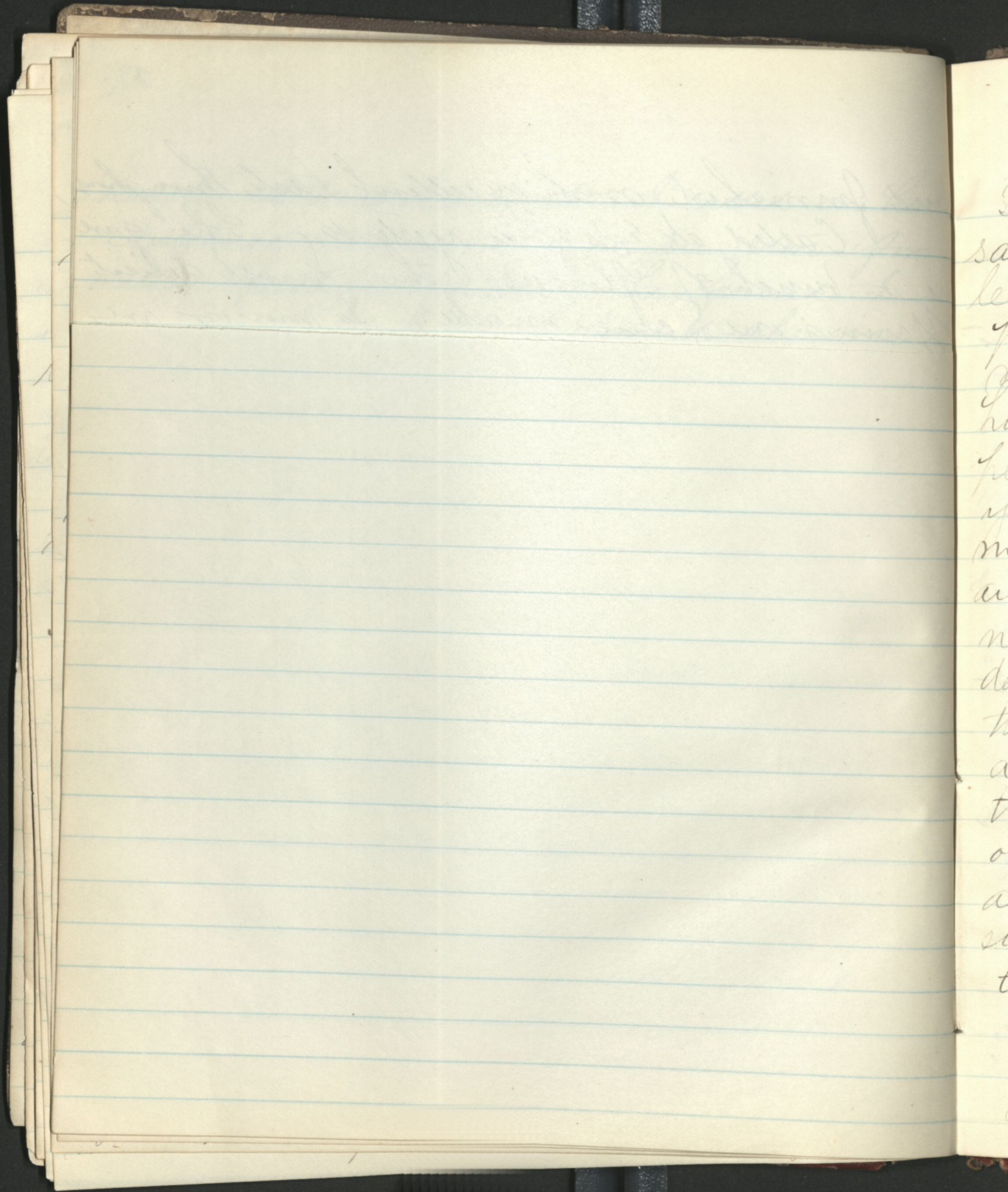
On Tues. Etta & I saw Rhea in "A Dangerous Game". A pleasing actress for light plays. Wed. we heard Stoddard's lecture on Napoleon. The pictures were very fine especially those of his generals & himself. Stoddard might improve his phraseology & occasionally omit - "But let us pass to &c." To night I go with Ex (her invitation) again to hear Rhea. She will come home with me & spend the night. On Sunday last I heard Sarag on "Growing old". A remarkably well condensed sermon. The German this I biter than almost elsewhere and his. I move are very fine. Have decided to begin Italian and shall take the first lesson on Friday next.



Jan. 1887.

25

Your visit has left me quieted and
satisfied & at peace for the present, at
least. The thimble was a birthday
present more than twenty years ago.



Jan. 1887.

25

Your visit has left me quieted and satisfied & at peace for the present, at least. The thimble was a birthday present more than twenty years ago, when I seldom had presents at any holiday. That day I was very sad, perhaps with the sentimentality of youth, when suddenly the post-man's ring & this little gift from an aunt in Ashua. I shall never forget how it brightened the day. She is dead long ago. So the thimble stands for a time of hunger and need and for a kind impulse that shed a great deal of sunshine on a dark day. Strange, that from a youth of such hunger & an environment that starved me so, the years should have brought me to such wealth of love and loving gifts. I have been quite complacent

my "Korf." Trying to scare the "Kauf" away
by spelling it wrong. I tried Nicotian
then Peppermint, then acid, now
I'm at the cinnamon stage.

Cinnamon sugar & sandy bottom
look away! " Oh, I must have
coughed myself foolish. —

Kaufferdam head off!

I wish I could get out of this
place, but I don't know but its too
late for me to accomplish any-
thing. One can't help doing in as far
as their very being gives out no
uncertain sound but radiates in-
fluence & offers continual standards
to everyone they meet.

Do you 'spose I shall see you
this week? I've planned a little
dinner in my room & I've hoped
a little hope inside o' me! But don't
let this influence you unduly. *ell's*

Nov. 9. 1887

29

I think the truly fortunate people are those who get their living by what they love most to do, as you do. But one's tastes are not always exactly - lucrative!

How pert you sit up there in your chair! But a bell will ring in a minute & you will ascend to your little Kingdom. Hope you are equal to sawing and sawing the air today. Wore you have on your apple-looking jacket!

Called on Mrs. Merritt, a lady of leisure but full of good works and mysticism. Her mind is an outing to mine, something new & ultra to sally out into and I get rested from myself. She is a fine conversationalist & I plunge into it at once. Went, after all, to hear Miss Swathingham, & did so enjoy it.

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She was so deliciously herself - The old
self I knew at school, with a fresh
boyish voice, a little assumption
of coolness and an unsuccessful
quest for her pocket, which
always seems to haunt her con-
sciousness at such times! Bless
her old soul! She might say with
Miss Mowcher "Take a bit of advice
from two foot nothing" for she
isn't much more than that. This is
fitting classes for Harvard & so is in
town this winter.

Floss & I go to call on Lizzie tonight.
So the world goes round & I am at
peace with all humanity. Don't
know but it's a good time to die
before I quarrel again with anyone.

Nov. 14. 1887.

31

Certainly it is something the enfranchised woman should learn, that one may be strong of soul & yet not manly. That manliness is not mauliness & that it is never found even in men in whom intellect & spirit preponderate & that a gentleman's first requisite is to efface his physique. The more scholarly we (and Emerson says the scholar is the apex of creation) are always unobtrusive & dignified. If a woman be a power spiritually it will prove itself & give her the ascendancy she may instinctively & rightfully crave.

I had this to learn and I learned it hard. For I was a tomboy in childhood & a boyish girl in all ways till I was 30 or more. But I sickened of it by meeting others of the same type.

Some inner relationship or subtle law of being may prevent my being a "Perfect Lady", but there is

something better even than that for me, that is, because each nature has its own natural flowering out, and that would be entire subordination of the physique to the spirit which should combine the "sweetness & light" of which Matthew Arnold tells, as the aim of all culture.

You do indeed care greatly for the graces of life & I know I often fail & forget what is expected of me till too late.

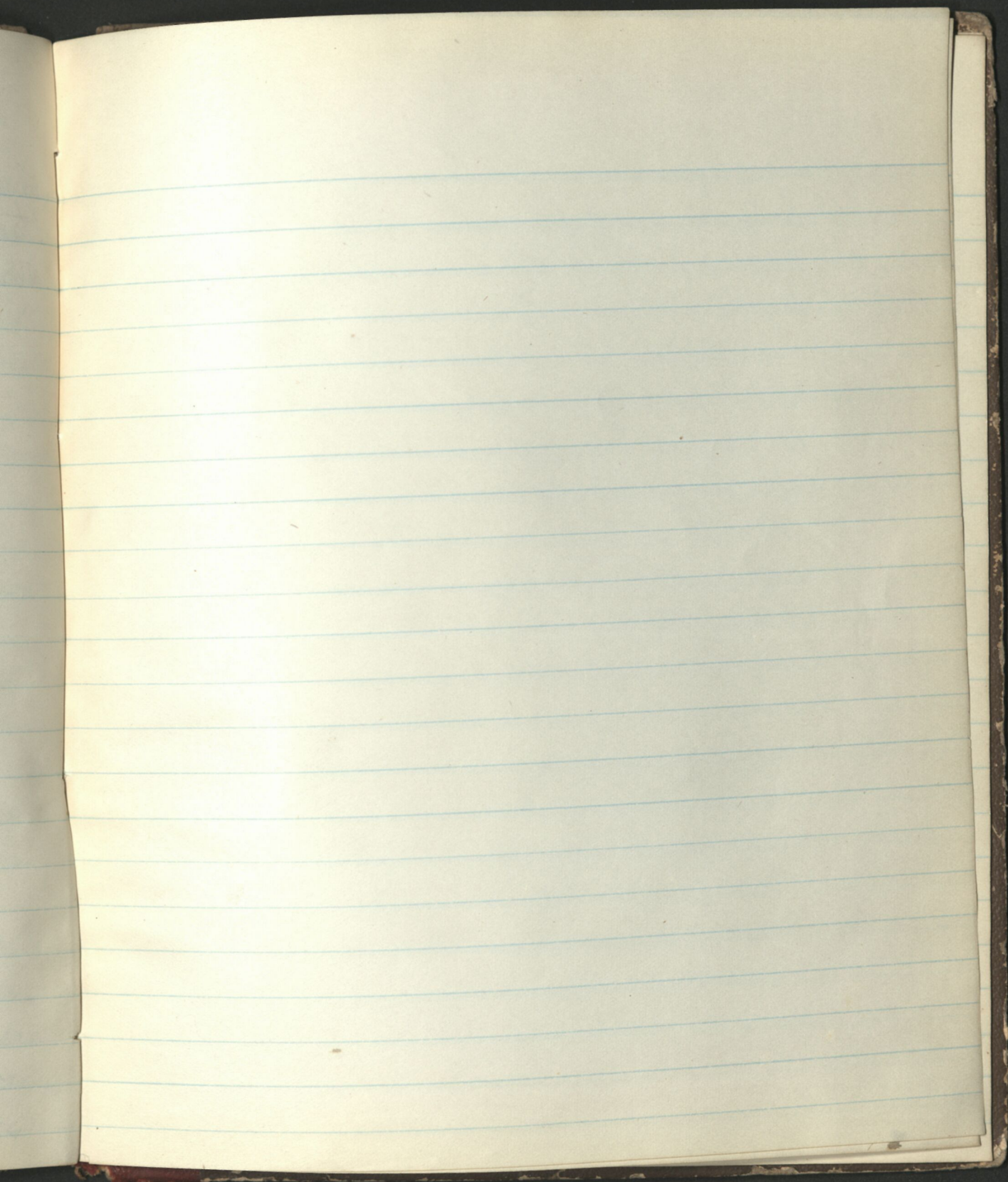
I don't know why a dignified man & woman may not speak of births and deaths & inflammation of the bowels if necessary plainly & sensibly.

There is a point where one speaks out because they are commonplace & ignorant & another point, where, their lives being clean of all lowness they feel these things among the facts

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of life most nearly connected with its
tragedies & so dignified by possible
sorrow.

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Books.

Harkness Cicero.	Le Salon de Mme. Necker
" Caesar.	Contes Merveilleux.
" Grammar.	<div> <div>Scott. (paper)</div> <div>Johnson.</div> <div>Hume.</div> <div>Pope.</div> <div>Burke.</div> </div>
" Introduction.	
" Reader.	
" Composition.	
" New Reader.	
Translation of Caesar.	Sir Roger de Coverley.
" " Cicero.	Life of Addison.
Andrews and Stoddard.	Milton ^{and} Byron.
Jones' Latin Lessons.	English Literature.
French Self Taught.	Adventures of Ulysses.
Alto's Fr. Grammar.	Tales from Shakespeare
Boisl's " "	" " "
Littérature Classique.	Lady of the Lake.
" Contemporaine.	Crack's Eng. of Shaks.
Lamour's Causeries.	Goldsmith's Poems.
" Grammar.	Henry VIII.
Mme. Thérèse	Julius Caesar
Le Roi des Montagnes.	Hamlet.
Les Aventures de Télémaque.	Merchant of Venice.
L'Abbé Constantin.	Macbeth.

Books.

Lepiers Fr. Aick.	Key to Greenleaf's Arith.
Yase " "	" Hagars "
Whitney's Ger. "	" " "
Printon's World's Hist.	Author's Latin Aick.
" Composition.	Sauveur's Le Petit Galice.
Language Lessons.	Alto's German Gram.
Swings Sketch Book.	Alto's " Method
Wilson's Punctuation.	Joynes-Alto Reader
Kellogg's Rhetoric.	Kaugenichts.
Anderson's History. Ancient	Princess Else.
Leighton's Roman Hist.	Bacon's Conversations.
Freeman's " "	Worman's First Ger. Book.
Pigelow's Punctuation.	Olendorff's Ger. Gram.
Printon's Studies in Eng. Lit.	Alto's French Primer.
Morley's " "	Bacon's Leitfaden.
Young's Civil Government.	U. S. History.
Robinson's Algebra	L'Ami Fritz.
Key " "	King Maps.
Thompson's " "	Kentworth's Geometry.
Greenleaf's Geometry	Every Day English.
Loomis " "	Words and their Uses.
Coml. Arithmetic.	Brooks Arithmetic.

Geography Questions.

Holmes' Poems.

The Jews & their Persecutors.

Our Famous Women.

Schiller's William Tell.

Lowell's Poems.

Aspasia.

Anderson's Hist. Medieval.

Physiology, Hutchison's.

" Martin.

Astronomy, Steele.

Thalheimer's Hist. 3 vols.

